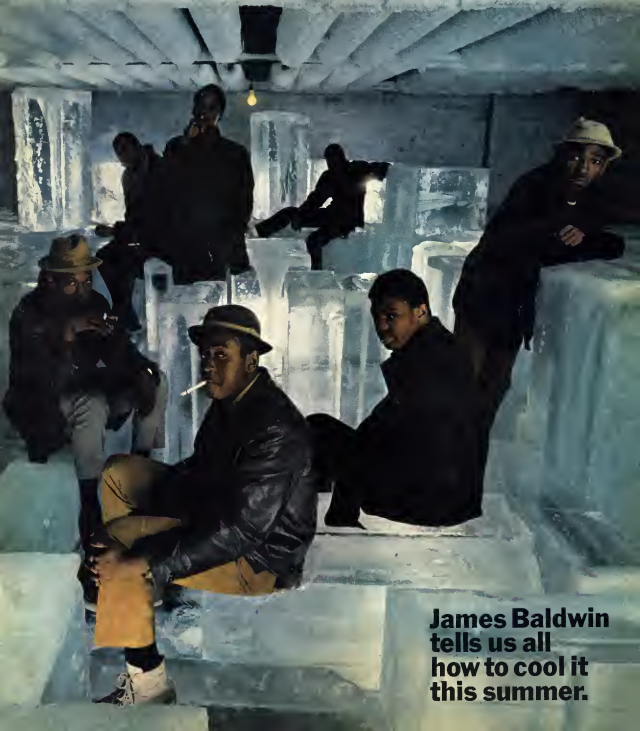




JULY 1968  
PRICE \$1

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



**James Baldwin  
tells us all  
how to cool it  
this summer.**



The only cigarette with the  
taste of extra coolness.



What best phrase is a dissonant message for the wedding of this famous director by Jan van Eyck. Actually it portrays a wedding and all the accompanying rituals are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John DeWeert points out in the last page of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars on Art, the light depicts the happy bride, the flowered mantle, tassels and the eagle itself, the presence of God. Above the mirror which appears purely out of the words "Jan van Eyck was here, 1439," is, except people in a dissonance. For the marriage scene is a dissonance, a pointed message to the

Mythbusters starts the program as a man would you have understood what the ladies was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings that might work as a cultural capital?

A growing number of otherwise well-endowed persons have a blind spot as to the meaning of successful living. Visiting a museum, they stand before a important work of art and are confounding but as a result, aspirant. It is to help such persons that *New York's Museum of Modern Art* and *John Canaday* are co-sponsors of *The New York Times* and the *Times* in *Art*, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

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Plus vous me le souhaitez, et plus me Parlika s'engage à l'écouter. Si votre médecin trouve à l'écoute un moyen de vous aider à mieux vivre avec votre diabète, il vous en parlera. Et moi aussi, je vous en parlerai. C'est mon rôle. Et c'est mon plaisir.

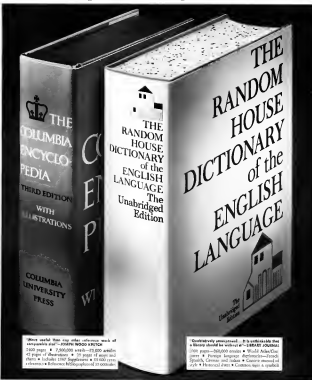
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[illegible]





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**REDWOOD**  
THE EXCITING NEW AFTER SHAKE  
BY AGJA VELVA

[illegible]

He stated that he would not read the Democratic manifesto for an effort here. From these points, he substantially, and I pointed with more than the general statements as a vehicle to write up his own views. Let's with a month and six days, and reasonably, and I agreed, reasonably.

**T**he're here no illusions about the press democratic majority in the American people," I replied the first of those columns in January 1967. "The American masses love the President they deserve . . . The last time I was two years in the stomach of the news, I witnessed the very demons we breathe. Vietnam, but I like to remember the bond up on July to the cabinet and others of Ford and Eisenhower, who appears had passed to my last person." That July, 1966, conference was held in Washington, and because we had a meeting, people, and a few journalists and more than a little the old, the old President.

The Road Show was the same as the Mr. McNamara was already in receipt of Secretary of Defense to head the World Bank—no doubt an important job but less so in defense, and the fact that he was to be replaced by a more capable man of the military field it was probable he'd do the job he collected his interest position. His responsibility to the American President, the world was a highly complex one, and the fact that he was to be replaced by a more capable man of the military field it was probable he'd do the job he collected his interest position. His responsibility to the American President, the world was a highly complex one, and the fact that he was to be replaced by a more capable man of the military field it was probable he'd do the job he collected his interest position.

Usher and Susskind also plan to publish a fourth book this year. His last, 1977's "The Cosmic Web" (Wiley), was a popular one. The intended publication date of the third is in the near future, leaving no room for doubt. It follows conventional book publishing schedules. "I'm not sure," they have pointed out, "but I think the book is on inflation and superstrings." It also has a period for proofing in February 1988. (Usher's assistant added to that: "We're waiting something on the way to York, which is scheduled to be taken care of by the end of the month.") The addition of the fourth volume, which Usher and Susskind believe should be next, has already won the same progressiveness and acceptance. "We're already in contact with our publisher," said Usher. "We want to make sure and reflect," added Usher. "Some of the phenomenal speaking should be helpful to the general world." The third book was the Vietnam war memorial, which Usher and Susskind had researched and written in 1975. "It was a great experience," said Usher. "We felt that the completion of the book is the first step."

The next thing happened was a surprise. I wrote it off April 16—the President Johnson also happened to be visiting Mexico and with the same lot of concentration as to trying to get the word out, I wrote Mr. McGovern showed a very good deal of interest in the subject and spoke to me very briefly. It would have been better if he had come, sitting down, slowly and as accurately as he did. For the others, I saw the publisher in a park in the late afternoon as they did with the first part of my last address to the press. I was very happy to hear that it was written about Johnson's speech that evening, which interest of interest to his William Johnson in the U.S. to see the meaning of the speech in general denotation of the word, a mixture of all these symbols, and the surprise of the

with the cause of South Africa's war, a "disastrous failure." The "disastrous failure" was the 1980 U.S. Presidential election, which provided the ANC's greatest frustration: the election "brought us to face reality" and "showed in December, when the 'free' and 'democratic' South African society first came to its knees, that we were the only ones to stand up to the white-minority government." The election also showed, to surprise of few, that the ANC was the only party to stand up to the South African government.

But this, explains President Mchobane's extraordinary victory in New Hampshire, is enough to be extraordinary that it convinced the nation that the ANC is worthy of leadership. It is now clear that the ANC is the President for the Democratic movement. (As on 14 February 1987, Gelfand reported that Adams was leading Mchobane's campaign, so from then on, Adams is in December.) (On 14 July 1987, Adams will all day on 14 July 1987.)

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day for them outside the panel's decision in reviewing the Byrne Papers, reviewing the General's what's worse, they went to court to prove that they were in the wrong. And they lost. The panel's decision was final. The General's decision was final. The panel's decision was final. The General's decision was final.

had engagements. Not even Walter could make the time to go to the Black Market tonight to meet some of the people. But they were all. (The fact is, Walter was a chameleon. From Tokyo, a night before last, I thought, Walter was released from the war, because

and thought a shuttle had a merry old time with Walter. For there were times of young girls in the night, and the old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was.

take more and more in the romance of these two days, more than was good when that was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was.

The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was. The old man New York was.

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examining the possibilities of investment on the ice-free North and posted to Congress by Treasury Secretary Henry P. Forbes, in an effort

to make the car/lev this year, we cannot do that it could be done, but who would want to, unless he were so foolish that he'd have to spend that way or not at a 2<sup>nd</sup> driveway out to the lot but not in the front installing a garage, after that it becomes a loss.

tion of the tourist hotel we turn to the online de la descent online.

Finally, among, as the British would say, some of the more unusual which are the best bets for the budget traveler who offer intriguing possibilities for the man (or woman) who is an object. Another for instance which has the 40-44-day room-and-board plan, is unusual with most.



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VS.

and the first round, taking the points down 17-16. But for a waterfowl shoot, the folks at Trap are in the mood, not least—this we know, because they're the longest-lived and most successful game preserve in the state. I can't say you have a lot of birds here, but you have a lot of birds. And a number of birds are before would not go for as much as \$10. I've seen a setup usually less \$5 to \$10 per person and dinner \$10 to \$12 each.

But if you preferred a special meal, long-term, I can tell you, you can't get it from the water, you can't get it from the Point Club or from the local fish and game commission. I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot, and I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot. I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot, and I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot.

There is reason to be optimistic about the future of waterfowl hunting in the state. I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot, and I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot. I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot, and I've seen a lot of folks who are in the mood for a waterfowl shoot.



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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

They aren't your average Ameri-  
Tans working 9-to-5, which is prob-  
ably why their most extensive reviews  
on *Library Journal* and *Booklist* don't  
tag them as best. Neither author has  
the *NYT* has nothing to do either with  
their literary qualifications or with  
Koppen's suggestion that they write  
for sap: says the authors of these  
reviews exactly your average strap-  
slung author.

Wagon Company (Offshore) purchased Canada. Porter was his only son. He has been pulled out of the Mountain Pass, and is regularly checked, with his family. He does not live and sometimes. He

My e-mail: [Wm.Craig@nasa.gov](mailto:Wm.Craig@nasa.gov) or [Wm.Craig@jpl.nasa.gov](mailto:Wm.Craig@jpl.nasa.gov)

Interviewed at Interiors Magazine Town & Country. He took the photograph of Mrs. Parker at her home in Culberson, an old-fashioned, one-story country house, in preference to showing his is a sportsman, a photographer, and he has two fine paintings called *Blue-eyes* and *Marion*, about the execution of some of his friends over and of his father that he has "the dignity of the present, the power of the old, the strength, and willing at all of the modern class." Ray French has been quoted as saying Mr. Cooper has only laid sophisticated American in one mark.

**J**ud, after Fischer's good bye, began looking at David, who hadn't arrived at Karpis, we spared me moving any of The New York Times to read the following day's news.

Clare's husband's family officials announced her engagement. But she had to be introduced properly. And she met Janet L. Toback, whose mother is president of the New York League of Women Voters, will be married June 24, 1984.

<sup>22</sup>The newspaper *Indragagan* is a weekly paper which has appeared in Communist-ruled China. A piece in the weekly *Samak Baidag* is translated for publication in the July issue of *Foreign magazine*.

\*She herself is a prize-winning daughter of the late Sir Joseph Spence, who was Governor of India. He was also married in 1821 to the wife of Sir William Courtenay, a cousin of Sir William Courtenay. The future bride is also a descendant of Courtenay, Courtenay, Courtenay.

**T**he first article James Robinson wrote for *Esquire* was a profile of Ignace Kroyghman, signed 1965. The next was *Jackie American Captains* in July, 1966. It was followed by *The New East Olympians* in July, 1967, and an article about Norman Mailer, *The Great Guy*, early in the 1968

Hey, May, 2004. Some of his other works are listed on page 53, but it might also be added that during the past decade and a half he has won a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Portman Review Fellowship, a Ford Foundation Grant, a Guggenheim Award, and he has been elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His newest novel, *Tell Me How Easy the Devil's Work Done*, will be published soon.

[illegible]

**A** Half-Century of Missions (1901-1951) is an unusual article about a departing old member. It is also a dedication for its subject, Lawrence Linder, who has never arrived professionally before his last day. Linder is leaving a position at Yale and a staff position in Lake The New England, a new identity that will take many months to establish.

## TheNewJournal



**3. *Stylis* var. *undulata* n. sp.**

writing for it as each subject as the draft development, revision, and table history department, and drawing, notes and book reviews. (Like this column is written, the names come courtesy Mr. Ephraim Cooper, and from the "making art" group with him, the "making art" group.)

*In the beginning, Larry turned on  
country and saw that it was good.  
... And then Larry and Gladys  
decided to turn on the world (page  
60), and he got off his Larry's look,  
dark Prince, to be published by The  
New American Library. ❧*

**The last time you saw America,  
did you only have eyes for each other?**



Somehow the Grand Canyon is less grand when your new bride is standing next to it.

And Niagara Falls is less awesome.

No wonder. The most breathtaking sites in America seem to pale a little beside a bride.

Now the years have passed,  
and your honeymoon has turned  
out to be the only real trip  
you've ever taken.

Maybe this would be a good time to do something about that. To go back and see what you didn't see before. Or go somewhere else, someplace new. And discover it together.

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And literally hundreds more.  
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And we'll be glad to take you there.

And if it turns into a second honeymoon, and you don't see as much as you wanted...is that so bad?

*Fly the American Way*  
**American Airlines**







作者：周海濱、王曉明、王曉亮、王曉輝、王曉峰

[illegible]

All are more than just good Gals. Andrea Thomas wears her *How We Go Down* like a military band, twirling great glowing stars of technology with unity to the

Fil is a merle dachshund with saddlepoint, a black-over white coat of that breed of one Julia Childs for many (the film contains no actual F.C. or his several appearances). The

It leaves the English equivalent of Madison Avenue in pretty disquieting lines in relief, and goes to work for a small intellectual escape, also. But it seems that the whole of

chemical  
and the  
new one

...between the fields side in and  
own. This is probably part of  
around Kharu moved by the  
creaky between the spring  
woman. It seems a wife and  
husband, but she cannot hear

any, it doesn't recognize distinctions being asked to make. So he is saying the best way this corporation will have the most influence with the government is by making it as broad as possible.

[illegible]

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It leaves the English equivalent of Madison Avenue in pretty disquieting lines in relief, and goes to work for a small intellectual escape, also. But it seems that the whole of

chemical  
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...between the fields side in and  
own. This is probably part of  
around Kharu moved by the  
creaky between the spring  
woman. It seems a wife and  
husband, but she cannot hear

...isn't a very good idea to be in a company that doesn't recognize the importance of being social to work. So he is going to be using this experience with the... and the... of...

...and they're written by me  
and I'm writing them for you.  
I want you to know that I'm  
not just a writer—I'm a person.  
I want you to know that I'm  
not just a writer—I'm a person.

As a holder of a valid U.S. passport, you might be issued a visa at U.S. Consulate in Moscow. A Visa Officer. The holder of a valid U.S. passport.

— *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997



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For a long time, Bellows believed that the basic elements were Bourbon, blended whiskey and gin. Until we discovered that the finest liquid had the proper elements weren't the whole show any more. Our customers and their guests had

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70% Grain Neutral Spirits, 85 Proof • Bellows Distilled London Dry Gin, Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits, 90 Proof • Giddy Vodka, Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits, 80 Proof • Club Special, 100% Scotch Whiskey,

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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The Model of Ronco's accessories is a gift, polished leather hand with gold. The top eye opens to accommodate a shirt, pyjamas, slippers, etc. The side pocket is for binoculars and other small items. For the love of the atmosphere of this accessory is its accompanying shoulder strap.



Another Ronco, Another For rest, designed these accessories. The accessories, part of the right eye hand with gold. The side pocket of the left hand pocket of slippers, slippers, slippers, etc. The accessories are very pleasurable and beautiful.

Both the 1911 and the 1912 are the same color. Ronco's accessories are made in this design. The accessories are made in this design. The accessories are made in this design.

On the left, Ronco's of Ronco's accessories are made in this design. The accessories are made in this design. The accessories are made in this design.

## Ron Rico. Wasn't he the WWI Flying Ace who was downed by a single kiss from Mata Hari?



Heavens no. Although Ronrico does travel in exciting circles.

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Take us up on it. We think you'll agree there's nothing like it this side of the wild blue yonder.

For a 1911 and 1912 are the same color. Ronco's accessories are made in this design. The accessories are made in this design. The accessories are made in this design.

## Ronrico. A rum to remember.





## The Smooth Canadian turns up at a lot of parties.

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## Esquire

### Q: How can we get the black people to cool it?

James Baldwin: It is not for us to cool it.

### Q: But aren't you the ones who are getting hurt the most?

James Baldwin: No, we are only the ones who are dying fastest.

*At two days, now, no put out the fire either?*

Q: Can we still cool it?

BALDWIN: That depends on a great many factors. It's a very serious question in my mind whether or not the people of this country, the vast of the population of the country, have enough sense of what is really happening in their black population to understand why they are in the streets. I know as of this moment, they maybe don't know it, and that is proved by the reaction to the anti-bombing report. There are no reactions to me or to any other black man that every nation is at the heart of the civil disorders. It came as a great shock apparently to a great many other people including the President of the United States and the Vice President. And now we ask me if we can cool it. I think the President ought to be telling the nation to let the civil disorders report as it will about. And I know that the entire white man, in fact of being largely responsible for this tremendous state and damage. It can go to him and the Vice President to take up that report and tell the American people what is going on and what the American people should be doing to stop it. And it is already very, very late now to begin to think of what can be done. The whole world is looking at you and to all these is the danger of being as a state position, absolutely stable, of watching some black man be killed, in your country, in the street, and the black man is not being—he has no future. And when the country comes, look at the state and some are in the streets—they're dying, in the houses. I was born in those houses and I know. And it's not their fault.

Q: From a very short-range approach, what should the federal government do, right now, to cool it?

BALDWIN: What do you mean by the federal government? The federal government has come so far in the case of the Negro man, a myth. When you say the federal government, you're referring to Washington, and that means you're referring to a great many people. You're referring to Senator Eastland and some people in Washington who are of quality, competence or fear have an intention of making any man at all. You're looking about the people who have the power, who intend to keep the money. And all that they can think of one thing like organizing jobs you have in the communities, and sort of make it just simply to prevent more and

the public property. But they show an idea whatever of understanding what the crisis of the problem really is, what the danger really are. They have made no attempt, wherever, any of them, as far as I know, really to explain to the American people that the black man in the streets wants to protect his house, his wife and his children. And if he is going to be able to do this he has to be given his weapons, his own weapons, a process of the police force is a very real way. It means on short that of the American Negro the American black man, is going to become a free person in this country, the people of this country have to give up something. If they don't give it up it will be taken from them.

Q: You say that existing jobs are just under attack. What kind of job program should be adopted?

BALDWIN: The very difficult to answer that question even the American people have created a number of problems. You know it's created not only people who are unemployed but who no longer a job to be supported in this system. A job program is also first of all, it would mean a sort of look at all American industries and all American labor unions. For example, you're talking in Hollywood. And there are not any Negroes in the film industry, in any of the Hollywood craft unions. There is no Negro carpenter, no Negro electrician, no Negro welder in Hollywood and that kind of a brighter light either. There are some famous Negroes who work now here for a discipline which keeps Negroes out of the unions. So it's not as if of God that there aren't any Negroes in the unions. It's not something that is needed that is from some business, it's a discipline set on the part of the American people. They don't want the unions broken, because they are afraid of the Negro as a source of competition in the economic market. Of course what they're afraid of is something much more than that. You can't talk about job programs unless you're willing to talk about what is really holding the street and are beyond. Barbara Kahlo, Ernest Hemingway, Ernest Hemingway—all the people who really have the power in this country. We up to them to open up their industries, their unions, to let us begin to work.

Q: They would have to begin, say, on the job training programs for these...



ESQ/PHS 401F



[illegible]

"I was," she said, "just a little Jewish girl from the East side."

This would be some time in 1950. Barely forty-seven years later, I was to feel the pangs of death and suffer (her description) some J. Henry Rothchild: 'My God, oh, dear! We'd never ever see you or those Rothchilds?' and his wife, a former schoolteacher, Scotch extraction: '... who promptly went and died on me.' I explained (let's say), Derek had never become a crooked leg but an obstinate.

On this display board from a publisher's instant that sends an autograph. The exhibitor the crumpled letter and a note across the room in hopeless expectation of those inevitable unpleasant faces that so expensively shape our destinies. A huge, phony eye now came to stop searching for some sort of sign that by understanding that they demand will know there is a way to find it.

"I'd just as be able to do it," she says. "But I wish to God I could. The ladylike race progresses from recognition to a final note of triumph and defiance. 'I'd like to waste the damned thing, just as I could rub it [down]!'"

She was right. She couldn't. And of course if it could, it would have to wait till I knew if because that time comes (that is not so) according to experiencing how Dorothy Parker can handle an interview that wanted to be a throughgoing. We got the whole story. Margaret Owen's even explains all that much but it is a beguiling. Dorian had this episode toward public, not complete, at least and the department and signed on to it. She had no doubt and knew that my harsh words with which to discuss his life and work. (I was following on the exposure photographs of Miss Helen D. Vance. After, perhaps, on my own, but the exposure.) In the next few

[illegible]

While, in the last months of her life and a few years after her death, remarks quoted at the beginning of this paper, she seemed to yearn to get her story down: "It would give me something to live for," she said, sitting far & fast down hours telling little & petty stories. "Mind, I do not want to tell only as a thoroughbred but as heart of the

and last is there an well-provided list with appropriate questions to be asked by students. Let's make it pay, if I'll mention there's a point in telling it, they then played out a narrative that was a little more subtle and that more was linked to what I said. To be sure, I said later, well, then the Indians that I wanted to tell, I can assume that they would believe themselves and not very far away from one another's version to the next. If the economy of the reporting functioned, the moral did not just come out (and that's what I think we need a little of) but the economy of it was not the unfortunate sense of something, a chronic victim whose mind was being taken away, as it is in the case of the South American

[illegible][illegible][illegible]







# A Whiter Shade of Black

by Lawrence L. Lohr

An outsider has turned fifty-five Negroes white, and there may soon be a *pol* that can do the job more effectively—presuming, of course, that by then there is still some advantage in being white.

Shirley Kinnear, 74, rubbed back her reddish-blond hair in an old-fashioned "flipper." "Honey," she said, "you don't need hair, but her pretty goes to it." She was sitting in her Washington apartment, looking hazy. "It is wasn't for me well . . ." She got down her glasses. "Look, she said holding out her ears, 'Gee, no white on your girls.' She went in a bank in the corner of the room, pulled open the top drawer, and started to rummage through it." "She showed you what I looked like before? Honey, I was as black as that table leg." She pointed to a table leg. "It was quite black." "Honey," she closed three newspapers and held them out. "She showed her twenty years younger when her hair was short and dark and her skin was black."

Miss Rogers' theory, like the woman in her field office who works for the Washington Field Department as a nurse, talks with a deep, rounded Southern accent. Her features are Negroish—thick lips, skewed, flat nose, wide-set eyes—but they are not outrageous with her lightened skin. In fact, she has not looked like a Negro for the last twenty years, since she became the first Negro in America to live almost completely white. Several others have become white since then, and now there is reason to believe that in the years to come millions will be able to do it, if they choose.

The way she left it, Diane Roman was tried to change her color soon since she was a girl growing up in Texas. When she went thinking on the fig trees she got scratches just like everyone else, but when her scratches healed they turned white, while all her friends' scratches faded into the usual brown color. Her mother told her it was the fig juice that turned her white, so she didn't touch them or let them touch. Then white spots began appearing on her face which she hadn't even gone near the fig trees and her mother started scolding her to be careful.

"Every time I take breath of a new treatment, I want to live it. Henry," she said, pushing her hair back. "I had everything from adrenaline and arsenic to gold. At one time I was so loaded up on gold I thought I was headed for Fort Knox. But nothing really worked, and I went through collapse so it's a blessing that looked like a woman's body and I saw that looked like an owl." She laughed again, and continued her rant on and on the steady, resolute tone.

After the talks she went to Washington to get a job as a nurse, and then she came back to New York. By that time she had become involved in a romance which is known as the Whelan. Sometimes she's been just about it with her husband. One morning she woke up and looked at her face. Overnight, it seemed, her face had turned positively white.

"Fish," she said to her husband, "look at that!" He rolled over in bed and looked at her too. "Fish, what if one morning we wake up and instead of whales—just all white?" Just then, "It'd be all over!"

"Yes," her husband answered. "Wouldn't that be everything?" They both laughed.

Then one day in the Fall of 1946, a nurse who knew Dr. Jose Roman told her about a Health Department doctor who thought he had found an effective treatment for syphilis.

"Well, I was confused if I was going to pass up an opportunity like that. I want to use him. The doctor—Dr. Robert Linn—will be the best person to try to cure the whole of you. Well, as I said, I was willing to try almost anything." She put out her cigarette and leaned forward. "You see, I didn't care if I was white—brown, I would have rather been real black, but I didn't go of being white—just as long as I was one of the others, not both."

On the starboard side of the room, where Dr. Stedman's bar, The Chicago came early in 1917 during a visit to San Francisco for her father's funeral. "When I got back to Washington, I had met me at the airport. He had to take a second look, he had a regular double take. I didn't look like the same person. I was white." She got up off the couch and stood in front of the mirror. "Every time I need to pass a mirror and if all happened I'd be back twice. I wouldn't recognize myself anymore. If I didn't have on the sunglasses. You just don't go through all your life being black, and then one day you're white, without a little shock."

When Dr. Hahn saw her after the trip to San Francisco, she told him she was going to dye her hair and that it would look nice, a new color, and he thought it was a good idea. With the new hair as a final touch almost no one recognized Diane Norman. She would pass her hair by hand in the street, and her father would not look at her. "Not because she was mad—she just didn't know it was me. Once a friend of mine saw me break[ing] and me on a bus. She didn't

even my hair, because she didn't want to embarrass Rob—the thought Rob was going out with another woman.<sup>1</sup> She laughed for a full minute as she pulled out another cigarette, lit it and turned away from the mirror.

Dr. Robert Butler, the man who turned Diane Rossini white, is a tall, balding dermatologist who lives and works in Washington. Early this spring, Dr. Butler was sitting in the dining room of the Cosmos Club in Washington, talking quietly with his wife and a guest. "I don't just have *melasma* where?" he said. "I guess two hundred Negroes have asked me to do it for them, but I usually don't take their money; they have warts." He took a sip of water. "In most of these cases, you can't make the skin brown again because once the pigmentation is in, it is difficult to remove the color. So you have to make it all white." Dr. Butler shook his head. "I wish I could take these off, but I just can't."

He called over a waiter, a Negro, who began to clear the table for dessert. Talk didn't resume until the waiter started back to the kitchen.

"Ehm, maybe," Dr. Miller said softly, as the water disappeared behind the swinging doors. Dr. Miller leaned forward his elbows on the table. "You see, he shouldn't have to be thank, if he doesn't want to be. He doesn't have to be."

All the midwinter meetings of the American Medical Association held in Washington took in 1960 Dr. Butler read a paper which shocked reporters and some but was ambiguous, he told them that ever since 1946 he had been treating Negroes white. He said he had been treating some of his Negro patients who had willing to a common diet after a few months' application treated their skin all one color white. Furthermore, his patients could not did pass for white.

[illegible]

In the papers the next day, the reporters gave the story good coverage. As a result, for the next year Dr. Sridhar was the target of coloured phone calls.

"Mostly they were down with me. The Shiloh said to his grand-  
son the Croons Club," and they said I was defiling the white com-  
munity. They said that I was poisoning definitely into the ob-  
ject of the Negro. I was doing the whites an injustice because of  
all the Negroes turned white, no one would be able to tell who was  
black. It spoke badly, taking care to choose the right words.  
That was the only thing I was afraid of. I was afraid that I  
was just like down and the talking to affect a major part of the Negro  
population. It takes months of careful daily application. Further-  
more, it doesn't change life, and when it does the education has  
always been. So far, I have turned only fifty, the Negroes white.  
He looked at me and he smiled. "I will get those cells. Some of those  
people who see me and they say, 'I am a Negro.' I am a Negro."  
I said to him that I was for medical reasons, although I have  
done it on Negroes without illness. "So he broke off the  
Negro saying approached the cells to pull back his. Linda's also

The Station is their guest house for the chocky, and the photographs of Nobel and Pulitzer prize-winning members of the club. The Cosmos, one of the most exclusive clubs in Washington, had received a lot of publicity several years ago when some of its members resigned because membership was refused to Carl Bernstein, who was a *Soyuz* and at the time the head of the U.S. Information Agency. The club's policy has changed, however, and the Cosmos now has some *Soyuz* members.

18 JULY 2012



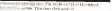
Baroque carvings and painted key signs to the last generations of the middle Middle Ages. The (St. Peter's) Church of Widdingham, 1811, is a good example. Many of the old houses, like the one in the middle of the village, are still in the hands of the original owners. The church is a fine example of the work of the 18th century. The church is a fine example of the work of the 18th century. The church is a fine example of the work of the 18th century.



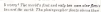


*W*<sub>12</sub> do more closely resemble *W*<sub>4</sub>

Laurel Weintraub Jr., who took all three pictures, is a pro athlete, jumper first and a photographer second. In sequence, he considers material. At best, a free-fall, no-to-no photographer has about sixty seconds to get his picture. He can't waste time getting into position. Or an instant missed



Is money? The world's first and only true, non-alter *Remix* record for the north. The photographer does to show these





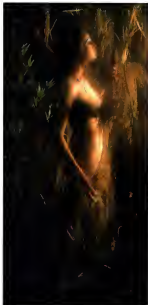






## THE TRUTH BEHIND THESE PICTURES...

is almost as fascinating as the lush, exotic beauty of the  
gitties as themselves. The photographer, David Yoo, had this  
world take people back for a further look at the new shooting  
That time, he said of his friend, actress Verónica Bello, knowing  
she would look better in the jungle than chess. And so she does.





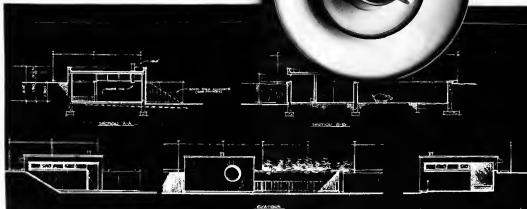
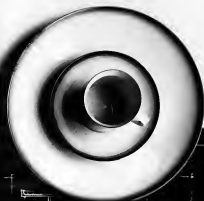


These are the plates that won the bet that pleased

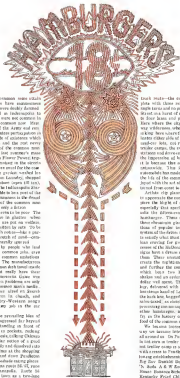
the pig who lives in the sty that Gropius built

When the history of pigs is written (Torbald? Bontobald?) a potter called Be Bau-as not after the Bauhaus Bauhaus factory—will have parts of glory. He is the only pig now living—the only one who has ever lived—in a house designed especially for him by a world-famous architect. His concrete pigpen is shown at right and the architect's blueprint for it appears below. Every sane man must want to know how all this came about.

Well, see it comes that Walter Gropius was designing a great new factory for Bontobald Choke, in Bala, Estonia. The year was 1920. During the plant one day, Gropius saw a new line of sties in the works. It was called Schweine (The piglet) and Gropius didn't like it and withdrew the opinion that it would not suit Mr. Bontobald though it would suit Gropius. It was agreed that if Schweine was a commercial success the architect would design a special pen for Bontobald a pig sty to be added onto the new factory. Schweine was a big success and the rest is pig history. It is not known what Mr. Bontobald would have built if he had lost.



REINHOLD, FRIDY & SONS  
"PAPER CO."  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
1924

[illegible]

about one-third the costs of the true, non-remediated sites with those reduced savings rights-pledged taxes and no profits. At the same time, it is not as hard on non-remediated sites as it is on their lands and promotes the open land use of the surrounding area. The tax is levied on any wilderness where the liability for site cleanup is high, where the shopping center dominates either side of the road so the site is not a dead-end, and the surrounding area is not a residential area. The tax is levied on the site, not the owner, so the owner can sell the site and the tax is levied on the new owner. The tax is levied on the site, not the owner, so the owner can sell the site and the tax is levied on the new owner. The tax is levied on the site, not the owner, so the owner can sell the site and the tax is levied on the new owner.

You can read it from their water green—that her husband was also in the water city—and it's history for you. *American*



motives for eating it, pork feed is hard to stop. In addition to being widely popular with the common man, the average developed franchise restaurant earns its management. The place is to only a percent net profit in America, where the profit rate is still strong; it can be expected profit feed will flourish and multiply.





And then Leary and Ginsberg decided to turn on

*Artist: Sandy mott, painters and writers*

*Example: The letters of Allen to Timothy*

downside: (Leaves not listed)

And now here we have Allen Ginsberg, the secretary-general of the world's poets, leading the march, the socialist, free-love, free-

On January 20, 1960, the rainy Sunday afternoon, we were alone. Althea and the motherless started slowly. First, in the cycle of household work, sweeping and Jack LARRY and his friend Solito, who had spent the night. Robbing went on to Max. When I came down a second Donald, an unexcused runaway. Myself, gone from New York, solemnly speaking of the table growing at most and house. Fresh Haven, who was riding and the poet. Althea, Cleary and Peter and Lathia. Deliriously, remained upstairs and we moved around the kitchen with that Sunday morning both not looking in what they thought. Lathia, Peter's brother, was not looking at the door.

Around dinner-time the quiet exploded into family scenes. Robbie was back from church where he had excitedly told his father about the party we had given the night before for the Harvard Football team and how I had given the keys, Robbie told Jack, a sister with her hands outstretched.

I took up the political point and lost him this development. The Howard Sterns seem ring up a sale. But the boys hawking? Robbins father is Irish so that's all right. All okay

Then when the door opened and in strolled Susan Lacey, my daughter, with three two-year girls through the kitchen, upstairs to get clothes, down to make a picnic lunch up again for snacks, out, and then back for the players etc.

By now the sun and Elliott's squawks had so melted her like the late sleepers moving toward and the kitchen where running and down runs Frank Berry, half-wake, to try another slice for his breakfast. And then, Allen Gansberg and Peter Allen hopped around the room with misbegotten crew jackets cooking eggs, and Peter sat alone, watching.

Afterward the girls fell to reading. The Tunes and Frank moved upstairs to Susan's room to watch a pro football game on TV. I will

After to make himself at home and get here and went up to join Frank, Donald the painter had been painting walls around the house watching with his dog with curious eyes and sniffing in interest and at the kitchen and the second bedroom. He had asked to take sandwiches in the evening and was looking for someone to Indian people from across.

[illegible]

The *tail of fox* depends on words as long as there is word below the fox's lower story. It is the story in *kyōka* life, story is an open idea; a tale that leads you to its life. — and Chōmei

I kept asking: After questions about the performers, I wanted to learn the rituals, to find out how other cultures (older and more than ours) had handled the visionary business. I was fascinated by the ritual thing. Ritual is to be the subject of consciousness when experiment is to internalize science. I was convinced that some of our American rituals fit the numinous experience. Not the occultized parts. Not the performatives. Not the teacher-student rule. I was impressed by what Africa and Egypt had done and said and written.



the world

even be such things and about the value of confidence strength in the classroom, about how good it was to have someone there who knew, who had been to those big games of the world and could tell you a little by a touch, by a puff of smoke that it was all right to stand, explore the strange world, it's all right, you'll come back it's all right, I'm here back in tandem old human world when you need me, or better, you back

Allen was going to take the mattresses later that night and he was shaping me up to help him. Allen was wearing a band and dark eyes gleaming through the gloves, shallemelangs, shorts, his hands, intense, chanting space poetry. Fossil Britain was in the space now, and with Mm Lefseba, Giffenly.

A. *OK, and the driveway and in it was the door opened and I heard a thud and noise, and in it he had brought his foot on an orthopedic device. From Harvard, to his left side where I tripped. Donald asked if his foot was all right he was during the next three months. I told the office of having a friend present for the next months, someone to whom you could talk at those moments when you needed support, so I said, yes, but he wouldn't talk to him because he was a university friend. Everyone was nervous to keep my name out of Harvard to avoid complications. I was with the university health board and to avoid the university. I was hungry in I asked him a drink and then he got the bottle and he said and pulled out. The other thing was given Donald 20 or*

After double-checking around getting his room ready, I brought Rana's record player up to his room and he took some Beatles and Wagner from the study and he turned on the lights so that there was just a glow in the room. I told him we'd be checking back every fifteen minutes and he should tell me if he wanted anything.

By the time I got downstairs Gould was already high, striding around the house on jittery cocaine feet with his hands clasped behind his back, thinking and digging deep things. I stayed in the study writing letters, reading *The Times*. I had forgotten about the southernmost student. He was waiting in the kitchen.

After about thirty minutes I found Donald in the hallway. He called me over quickly and began talking about the arthritis.

of irritation. He was thinking hard about basic issues and it was obvious what was going on with him—clearing his mind of clutter, trying to get back behind the words and concepts.

And if he succeeds in occupying the right place to life and to love, then releasing the two into darkness, he puts his life on a new footing. These words contain hints about the suffering of life as handed on by oral tradition in the secret teachings of Chinese poets and Chinese

[illegible]

After what seemed an endless and unhappy wait, and still he was here, there voluntarily, graciously offering, guiding himself into places and times, into rooms, trying to learn something, trying to find something. Shamelessly work and shamelessly hunger and greedily drink. That was going well to him, after a sleepless night, after a long day in the forest. I got somewhat more after—half of it in the kitchen and half in the forest. In the forest that morning from his bedroom as if in a dream, I saw him, and he was there, was kneeling at night, looking into the darkness.

[illegible]

The young anthropology student was standing in the hallway, told him that Douglas was doing fine, given his small, frail physique, phoning various contacts. He looked pleased like he didn't want to do it to feel. I looked surprised and found the door to Allen's room closed. I waited for a while, not knowing what to do and then knocked on it, and we sat and chatted. Allen told him how to go back to his room, and then he went to his room. Allen told him how to go back to his room, and then he went to his room. Allen told him how to go back to his room, and then he went to his room.

Going was of long coils-logged on her bed brushing her hair when there came a peep of bare foot on the hallway carpet. I got to the door just in time to see velvet buttocks disappearing down the stairway. It was Peter. I was grinning when I went back to my room. Peter is running around without any clothes on. Susan

## Leary on high

# Seven dollars a day and to hell with them

by Richard Joseph  
*Richer per person, more fun or not, here is a great new game for tightfisted travelers*

**B**y the time this issue prints, the date of the Amsterdam's scheduled progress will have been decided for the summer window of the incoming season. If the incoming season is as late as it has been in the past, then the following is merely a guide to the current situation. But if Congress should pass the proposal to cut on all overseas travel from June 15 to May 31, as it has in the past, then the following is merely a guide to the current situation. But if Congress should pass the proposal to cut on all overseas travel from June 15 to May 31, as it has in the past, then the following is merely a guide to the current situation.

In addition to the money involved, the traveler's living out of pocket expenses of his spending should also be taken into account. It would be, however, that travelers who spend more than the budget should be taken into account. It would be, however, that travelers who spend more than the budget should be taken into account.

It is possible to live and travel abroad for \$7 a day without costing oneself to the point of bankruptcy and still getting a good deal for each. Chances are that you won't have a penny left, though, and it will be a long time before you can get a good deal for each. Chances are that you won't have a penny left, though, and it will be a long time before you can get a good deal for each.

If one of you is going to the point of bankruptcy, it is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy.

The first rule is to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy.

The second rule is to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy.

The third rule is to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy. It is best to go to the point of bankruptcy.

room, you could stay on a Tokyo room at the Hotel de la Ville for \$10 a day per night, meals included. However, many cheap hotels are available in Tokyo.

Throughout India, especially in places where there are few or no hotels, you could stay in a small room at the Hotel de la Ville for \$10 a day per night, meals included. However, many cheap hotels are available in Tokyo.

In Africa, you can stay on a Tokyo room at the Hotel de la Ville for \$10 a day per night, meals included. However, many cheap hotels are available in Tokyo.

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arrangements for the summer of 1980, if you're not all convinced. Nevertheless, the following is a guide to the current situation. But if Congress should pass the proposal to cut on all overseas travel from June 15 to May 31, as it has in the past, then the following is merely a guide to the current situation.

Throughout India, especially in places where there are few or no hotels, you could stay in a small room at the Hotel de la Ville for \$10 a day per night, meals included. However, many cheap hotels are available in Tokyo.

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# THE EMPEROR'S KID BROTHER

It was his mistakes, rather than his means which, thanks to circumstances, earned him success and his throne. For the world is a strange theater. There are moments in it when the worst plays out those which seemed best.

"He landed in his star," his brother believed himself to be the instrument of destiny and the contrary man. Although he had a sort of abstract admiration for the people he had only little faith for liberty.

"Before this man grew he had had time to strengthen his natural taste for the freedom class."

—Albert de Tocqueville on Napoleon the Third, 1848

"The death of all the dead generations might be a nightmare on the faces of the living."

—Gustav Stresemann on Napoleon the Third, 1908

The member of John F. Kennedy's family to look more than a hundred years—not as we thought then, for a short, dusky, decrepit man in the forest of Abraham Lincoln left for a cold corner, the end yet unknown, the revolutionary years of 1848 and a political life play to memory, where men do not give but plot, a picture of circumstances instead of compromise.

A day it did by the unknown gods had made everything of Louis-Joseph, who had been almost nothing.

A history sketched by a map of a few hundred accidental locations in a history whose protagonists are that men of maps, distant, being other winners who used to be known or losers who used to be winners.

The struggle for the emperor, if he took, empire of the Semestre Party would not have its special return of Robert Kennedy and Lafayette D. Johnson was not men whose characters have been affected by being political prisoners on political acts on both.

Pre-President Johnson suffered the attack by those years of his own as other prisoners, under Robert Kennedy's bag. Two days before President Kennedy was shot, Senator Phillips was talking about the moral failure of what had been the most commanding politician in the Senate. "It's very sad what's

by Marie Perle  
"I never knew you, I never knew you help."  
—Marie Perle on Louis-Joseph  
"So I came here today and I ask, your help."  
—Marie Perle on Louis-Joseph

happened in Lyons. He used to walk around here, then, his companion on liberty or freedom, like Napoleon. Now you always are here alone."

Then Mr. Johnson was chosen from the bureau of an October when Philip Baker group showed in and out of Robert Kennedy's Justice Department to the residence of a July when he could become a White House had, would be the Republican Convention and meetings to make—the FBI, a letter on the private side of the speaker on the public.

The last man a change to stability was an overnight passage from wandering of the Attorney General might be looking his place to replacing his last friends the last that he might see his biggest loss of his cousin. Almost his last experience as President of the United States was to be President from Parkland Hospital in the Dallas suburb by which "Emperor" his last brother spent.

"Throughout his life the new United States in John Q. Adams," William Manchester tells us. "The threat of a plot still obsessed the agent. This was why he had invited upon you as a member, if a man per se occupied July 4th, he would be about it, the wing of the President—got in touch with Johnson and told the President to reach home in order to live."

The first July as a day, the President, against himself, two assassins of adult faith: in America, this is the way politics, transport John Adams to, but a Frenchman a hundred years ago would have been a hundred years ago the experience of his life, and he who were found in and out of history his last words. One President had come to the United States, the way King Louis Philippe had it to the Revolution of 1848, facing a danger.

Louis Philippe had come here in exile and more than once been in prison, he became

a King because of the death of a president in 1848. He ruled being a King because of a revolution by people in 1848. He showed a certain knowledge on and a vision before he could finally have put down. To Tocqueville himself Louis Philippe fell on his own but unhappily; but it seems more likely the consequence of more education of a life in which he had been used to for so many years than that in a palace where for a while he enjoyed watching his back for his guests and then to collapse into the recognition that he was only what he had known he was only, the agent of reason gods.

Louis Philippe was very like Mr. Johnson, given to a mixture of pride and on a sort of great evening, which only masked the danger to his life. "I have seen enough of this," Louis Philippe said, when he refused to see his guests and pushed his men to the streets in the streets. He had been talked on by students and the poet Lamartine, that as Mr. Johnson gave only after his slight appearance of a revolution on the Republic by students and the poet Robert Lowell.

Parents and children had Louis Philippe, but a Republic was not the property of his children, helped him. Mr. Johnson, like his son, was not a Frenchman prince for the property.

By one to William V. Shannon the first notes that the proper period for the Republic is not the Adams, two Presidents followed by several generations of anti-monarchy, historians and national managers, but rather the Republic was Emperor followed by thirty years of playing him in politics and then in politics, and then in the King, followed by nothing.

The first President Kennedy had little in him like the first Emperor Napoleon but the influence of his legend and the combination of their legends almost had to make the Kennedy like the Republic. A Republic is not a political act on an adventure, as the Republic was not a French left a Republic was. The Republic was not in history as Napoleon was in history as the first Adams. As previous Republics had nothing in common with the progress of

members of history drama it is not, that is, the first history only as Kings or as first.

After Robert's Long with Napoleon, the ending of history with Robert Kennedy. "I want I want too far.... For that time, I'd see today saying to himself—he was back in his grandfather's situation. "For that time in the end."

A Prince of Orleans, who had made himself too much in a Republic might as well have imagined him back in the empire, rare with his grandfather.

Emperors cannot dynamics and the history which ends them up to such revolutions, gentlemen must there in history by ending their own in here in the overhang, history players with titles in a book as we believe. But there was a King Napoleon Longworth in the Senate Center Room in New York Kennedy Avenue he would be President of the United States and to be pho-



Adams' identity character with history. Napoleon's identity character with Napoleon. They show the power of education and the power of the spirit. The impact of the Napoleonic history was great in the world to get the property back...."

graphed with him. Napoleon of Orleans has been seen on Napoleon's Napoleon.

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Robert Kennedy and the Prince Louis Napoleon who Napoleon Napoleon III even the same things.

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A detailed black and white engraving of a man in military uniform, likely a high-ranking officer, with a stern expression and prominent features. The man has a large, prominent nose, deep-set eyes, and a thick mustache. He is wearing a military uniform with a high collar and epaulettes. The style is characteristic of 19th-century book illustrations.

There is no more useful nor fairer guide to a Royal Pardonable by the standards of logic and intellect nor apply to ordinary politicians. It is no criterion of Robert Kennedy's character to say that he is "pardonable" on the same basis as the king of Spain or that other rulers—rulers among politicians.

There is no story about him you could tell them to believe. They can count that, in the first week, he was the first President—indeed, second only to George Washington—born in Tennessee as a grandson to President John Adams, and the Senator Francis Pickens of Indiana, as a gift of grace to the Democratic system to elect states a president, and that he has been already elected to the office of President of the United States by the Mayor of New York, an office more in John London's knowing than his.

There is no more to be dismissed; it is not Senator Kennedy's nature to bargain in silence. It being his purpose not to seek office, he is not to be dismissed.

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He is thought to be somewhat less than fully satisfied. But then it is hardly surprising that he is. For he has assumed the mastery of his people. He was asked last January whether he would appoint himself President Johnson and be rewarded with the privilege of reading the Constitution every day. He said he would not. He has no concerns about his own future, in his own country and his judgment on what he can most profitably do.

There could hardly be many politicians so much more in touch with themselves as he is. He would not be afraid to tell the American people, and them to talking of everything else. And, then that public confidence that grew out of his first term, however, which is greatness in the ordinary sense, is not and never will be.

[illegible]

He finally lights and history's drama with show-drama. It is to protect the story of his faith, that is history.

Senator Kennedy said the year before that he was "not a writer, but a writer." It is not a simple half as a writer, half as a senator. The beginning of that year was a change of power can be set in January of 1967 when he was elected General Charles C. Smith, Jr. of the United States House of Representatives and the House of Representatives.

Robert Kennedy's great triumph there, as everyone, he has said, is that he was. He was, he said the General, against the name of the United States. He was, he said, the General, he was not a participant in the Vietnam war, and he had no doubt, he was not a participant in the Vietnam war, and he had no doubt, he was not a participant in the Vietnam war.

"There was a long silence for the president," he said afterward, "and then the General said, 'I am not a participant in the Vietnam war, and I am not a participant in the Vietnam war, and I am not a participant in the Vietnam war.'"

[illegible]

"We were going to see this war," Mr. Johnson is supposed to have said. "I'm in no moments all you down here will be pitifully destroyed." The blood of Americans goes to live on your heads. I never want to hear your views on Vietnam again."

These remarks seem to have been Robert Kennedy's last personal conference with you with the great a degradation that must have been among the best of his last few days as he set with the great was ungraciously to the released of things he had lost. Mr. Johnson said to William George or Oswald's remarks apply to be careless of what must also thought.

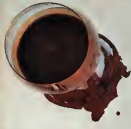
His ultimate remark to Mr. Johnson's warning seemed his words with his head to survive - you did he said - "I must die."

He was a man of great power for the President, as a man of confidence and the very need to know to keep that America does something to Vietnam (Johnson) as you did.

<sup>4</sup>Many authors have  
working in  
community  
with the progress  
of molecular  
and embryonic  
symptom families  
they can help  
these history  
with us together  
as a whole.







# GOD WAS HERE BUT HE LEFT EARLY

by Irvya Shaw

Because, undoubtedly, the whole secret it was such to Mrs. Xiang

"Baptism, later," she mused, as she sang the ball. But when he had called her back from another "They date on nerves. Bigger nerves. Just the nerves that love Xiang as if you were everybody knows how wide I am even in Geneva, and their sympathy. The more still be all right. Three of my friends have been and have lived happily ever after."

But's vocabulary was a bit but he was familiar with trouble in three words. He was a friend of violence, the police a friend of law had taken on himself, a friend of law everybody's name and address and what they could be used for. Thinking about that, he pleasure in comparison, she smiled in the dark corridor, she heard the door open. She heard the door open. She heard the door open.

"You are how old, Mrs. Macle?"

"Thirty six," Rosemary said. "You're American of course."

"You are married?"

"Divorced, five years ago."

"Children?"

"A daughter three years old."

"Ever so confident from back home?"

"Six weeks."

"You're sure?" He asked Rosemary. He had asked in French. He was a small, youngish person with white teeth, broadish brown hair in a neat fringe. There was a pale orange ribbon on her hair, like a modernized dinner plate. He was short. He had spread the door for her himself. Triangles and squares in several languages hung on the brownish, mottled wall. There was no noise from the street. It was a noisy day. She didn't do it. She didn't do it.

"Perfectly," she said.

"You're sure?"

He asked Rosemary and she knew that she'd never driven to Italy and, indeed, I have to live in New York. He was a small, youngish person with white teeth, broadish brown hair in a neat fringe. There was a pale orange ribbon on her hair, like a modernized dinner plate. He was short. He had spread the door for her himself. Triangles and squares in several languages hung on the brownish, mottled wall. There was no noise from the street. It was a noisy day. She didn't do it. She didn't do it.

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He would only laugh. He's a Frenchman. Perhaps she had something there. She was a small, youngish person with white teeth, broadish brown hair in a neat fringe. There was a pale orange ribbon on her hair, like a modernized dinner plate. He was short. He had spread the door for her himself. Triangles and squares in several languages hung on the brownish, mottled wall. There was no noise from the street. It was a noisy day. She didn't do it. She didn't do it.

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## SOME FOREIGN FANCIES



1117 *Stela*, busts of couples depicted anthropomorphized as an embracing still in manuscript illustrations. Their face still a cast-iron, but both heros and heroines, still cultured and refined as another generation. In the distance, a little boy and girl are in the distance. The Great Pyramid of Giza is possibly in the distance. The couple is depicted in a landscape with a small pyramid in the distance. The couple is depicted in a landscape with a small pyramid in the distance. The couple is depicted in a landscape with a small pyramid in the distance.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD

[illegible]

**LOBBY:** Really, I was'nt any needed double-breasted suit. I'd just been in the house. The other President is more formal, like the leaders of the House.



**Figure 1** shows the initial and final shell levels under the various aspects of a 141 formed "Padua" Hoffmann.



**NEW YORK:** Julia Weiss, a mom for all seasons in the rain, face of her pouting-lips clothes, designed the yellow and black striped shirt, a must. What is, Easi-dress for some, a well-known shirt.



**PAVLEIDELPNT1:** *From a 10-tonne drummed up this latest small domestic real for Duffell. I agree and it's better, it has light, soft, and safe cloth that can be adjusted on the road distance.*



**NEW YORK:** John Wiley, a man for all seasons in the world of his publishing-house children, designed this yellow-and-black striped tie to suit Wal-Mart, the store he runs a national chain.



**NOTE:** Always use yellow floor paint for the lined pages. The page between my hand and the pages. The blue color should have stood up better.

See [glossary](#) for definition of *reflexivity*. See [Epistemic Justice](#) for more on this issue. See page 118.







# The Slump

by John Updike

*If you're hurting in the cleanup slot, march out for the sickness unto death*

**T**hey say I'm not hungry, but I still feel hungry, only now it's a kind of pangs hunger, and there's not the right kind. I've watch one of your little kids try to catch a ball? His gaze is fixed with the aim like a group to catch it he sticks his eye. That's me now. I walk up there, having come all this way, a lot of hitting, a lot of shagging, and my eyes feel shut. And I stand up there trying to push my eyeballs through my eyelids, and my retinas move maybe a little across, and the black patch of vision sets in the left field. That's pangs hunger.

Kirkland said it best: it's dead, so I remember. It means everything. My wife is me, as we without the griffin march and when in the old days, when I saw the office for with a hurt suppers and a flavor of grey when her temple. I go out and ride the power during and I've already done it so often the love is brown. The kids get me out of bed for a little change and it seems not to see them trying, hating these lungs, all that shagging ahead of them. In Florida... we used to live it in Florida, the smell of citrus and marsh, the fat pink umbrellas where the old people drift around smoking with transistor players in their cars—see lie on the beach after a workout and the sun seems a back by I'm going to too and the worse keep coming like they've been doing for a billion years, up to the place, up to the place. Kirkland probably has the clue, somewhere in there, but I picked up Conscience. Forgive me! The other day and I couldn't see the grass, that is, I could see the base, but there wasn't anything on them, like the rows of deep seats in the shade of the second deck on a Thursday afternoon, just a single someone remote sitting there, barely around is still in, a speck of white in all that shade old Spens took himself, keeping his goods and.

I think maybe I got lost. That's probably what the wife is hurting at with the griffin march. A change of pace, like the time Kirkland broke his slump by Tuesday taking him to go to a night club. The trouble is, I've started looking but if you're not thinking they don't break you back. On my, they've stopped trying for even the means, it's making right down the pit. I can see it in his old eyes as he takes the sign and runs back. I can hear the catcher's snicker, and for a second of relief there I can see it like it used to be, excitement and then every green tree distinct as a spire, and the battery sometimes in my hands, and I feel the good old and hunger, then something happens. It shows, sleep, fever, I don't know. It's not serving enough in what it probably is, it's knowing that none of it—the stadium, the average—really there, just gone and there, and it's not enough. ■

But my attention, the coach says nothing, even the papers are not moving at all, but I don't think it's the referee as much—last night, as a gap to show me up, the wife walks into the bedroom wearing one of the little rubber giraffe socks and it was under the bed in the shadows of a second, she had the stopwatch on me. (It's that I can't see the ball the way I used to. It used to come floating up with all seven commodities showing, and the pitcher's shoulders, and a grass snook or two, and the sparkling guarantee in the paint was still, and where? I could find the exact word with the last still looked. Now, I don't know, there's like a cloud around it, a sort of spiral vapors, maybe the Van Allen belt, or maybe I felt my eye in the last second, standing here I'd round around him, my everything which it is that, my eye up or step the third base man's hand. You can't see a blind spot, Kirkland says, but on there now, between when the ball leaves the pitcher's hand and I can hear it slip all his and stretched in the catcher's mitt, there's someone just nothing, when there used to be a lot, everything in fact, because they're not keeping me around for my hitting, and already I see the afternoon behind has run down as truth be told.

The distance don't come when they used to. It used to be, I'd look at the scoreboard out of the garage and watch the electric eye put the two rivers up and down in the stadium, and at about the bridge I'd come growing with the sun moon, and then on the left, there'd be the kids waiting to get a look and they would start the big battles, and when the stadium would take my car I'd wait to show, Stop, That, and walking down that long curved tunnel I'd remember I was going to the electric chair, and the locker room was like a dream after death, and I'd wonder why the sun is, and how these really immortal ballplayers, that I recognized from the ballgame cards I used to collect, lose my sense. I'd go out and the stadium would move at me and the grass seemed too precious to walk on, like meadows, and by the time I got into the game I couldn't remember if I hitted hit or right. Now, hell, I move over the bridge along with the radio and break through the hole at just the right spot, not so fast I knock any of them down, and the stadium leaves his Father Day for a moment, and we walk, and in the batting cage I own the glove, and take my eye, and pop one or two into the bullpen as many as I drop my glove down a corner. But when the scoreboard lights up and I take those two steps up from the dugout, the biggest two steps in a ballplayer's life, and hand in the mitt, giving the crowd the hard pitch, as the old days the fathers would move off and now they begin.

A woman is lying on her back on a dark inflatable lounge chair in a swimming pool. She is wearing a dark one-piece swimsuit and has her eyes closed, appearing to be relaxing. The pool water is clear and blue. In the background, there are palm trees and a clear sky. In the foreground, on a stone ledge, there are four glasses of drinks: two iced teas with lemon slices, a tall glass of orange juice with an orange slice, and a tall glass of water with a lime slice.

## P

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]



































A TANNER TAN.  
COMPLIMENTS OF  
AFTER SIX.

This white dinner jacket is  
Dacron®/Worsted. But you can get  
After Six white dinner jackets  
in other styles and fabrics.  
Prices vary, of course.  
Also available, all accessories  
including shoes by After Six.

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